" They call it Missionary Ridge, I believe, sir."

" What? Our boys went up Missionary Ridge? Did they get to the top? Now be a little more lively, doctor!"

" Yes, sir, we could see them climb up there, and there was much waving of hats and cheering."

" What? Got to the top? And the rebels ran away? "

" I heard some officers say so at headquarters."

" By Jove, then we have won the battle!"

" I guess so, sir!" said the doctor quietly. The rest of us jumped up without finishing our supper and hurriedly ran out for more news. Then we heard from afar a swelling wave of cheers rolling along our lines toward us, and in a few minutes we had the whole glorious story. It was an amazing tale. Sherman's attack on the enemy's right having come to a standstill, several divisions of the Army of the Cumberland in our center were ordered to advance. It was at first not intended to attempt the actual storming of Missionary Ridge—a fortified position which seemed well-nigh impregnable by a front attack—but rather to make a threatening demonstration calculated to induce Bragg to withdraw forces from his right to his center, and thus to facilitate Sherman's task. But the brave men of our Army of the Cumberland, once launched, could not be held back. With irresistible impetuosity, without orders,—it may almost be said against orders,—they rushed forward, hurled the enemy's advanced lines out of their defenses on the slope, scaled the steep acclivity like wild-cats, suddenly appeared on the

crest of the ridge, where the rebel host, amazed at this wholly unlooked-for audacity, fled in wild confusion, leaving their entrenched artillery and thousands of prisoners behind them. It was a soldier's triumph, one of the most brilliant in history.

The next two days we took part in the pursuit of the dis-